Rich. Well you deſerv'd:
They well deſerue to have,
That know the ſtrong'ſt, and ſureſt way to get,
Vncle give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes,
Teares ſhew their love, but want their remidies.
Coſin I am too young to be your Father,
Though you are old enough to be my Heire.
What you will have, Ile give, and willing too;
For doe we muſt, what force will have us doe.
Set on towards London:
Coſin, is it ſo?

Bul. Yea, my good Lord.

Rich. Then I muſt not ſay, no. *Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

Scæna Quinta.

Enter Queene, and two Ladies.

Qu. What ſport ſhall we deviſe here in this Garden,
To driue away the heavy thought of Care?

La. Madam, we'le play at Bowles.

Qu. 'Twill make me thinke the world is full of Rubs,
And that my fortune runnes againſt the Byas.

La. Madam, we'le Dance.

Qu. My legges can keepe no meaſure in Delight,
When my poore heart no meaſure keepes in Griefe.
Therefore no Dancing (Girle) ſome other ſport.

La. Madam, we'le tell Tales.

Qu. Of ſorrow, or of griefe?

La. Of eyther Madam.

Qu. Of neyther Girle.
For if of ioy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of ſorrow:
Or if of griefe, being altogether had,
It addes more ſorrow to my want of joy:
For what I have, I need not to repeat;

And what I want, it bootes n
La. Madam, Ile ſing.
Qu. 'Tis well that thou haſ
But thou ſhould'ſt pleaſe me
La. I could weepe, Madam
Qu. And I could ſing, wo
And never borrow any Teare
Enter a Gardiner, a
But ſtay, heere comes the Ga
Let's ſtep into the ſhadow o
My wretchedneſſe, unto a Row
They'le talke of ſtate: for ev
Againſt a change; Woe is fore-
Gard. Goe binde thou up y
VVhich like unruly Children,
Stoupe with oppreſſion of thei
Give ſome ſupportance to the
Goe thou, and like an Execu
Cut off the heads of, too faſt g
That looke too lofty in our C
All muſt be even, in our Gover
You thus imploy'd, I will g
The noyſome weedes, that wi
The Soyles fertility from who
Ser. Why ſhould we, in thee
Keepe Law and Forme, and d
Shewing as in a Modell our fi
When our Sea-walled Garde
Is full of Weedes, her faireſt Fl
Her Fruit-trees all unpruin'd, h
Her Knots diſorder'd, and her
Swarming with Caterpillers.
Gard. Hold thy peace.
He that hath ſuffer'd this diſor
Hath now himſelfe met with t
The Weeds that his broad-ſp
That ſeem'd, in eating him, t
Are pull'd up, Root, and all, by

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